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Music to My Ears



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Chapter 1 by SandyBeaches

I love music. I always have. And I always will. But music is something long since abandoned by human kind. So imagine my surprise when, walking down the hall one day after school, I heard music coming from the door of the abandoned music room. Guitar music. After 15 years of existence I've never heard a person playing guitar, other than recordings, that is. So I opened the door. And that's when I met the guy of my dreams.

Chapter 2 by Avalon Anime



He wasn't fancy, he wasn't perfect, but once I saw his face, my heart beat faster and faster. He stood up and walked towards me. In my head I was thinking, what is going on, why are my hands sweating, why does my chest feel tight. I didn't know what that feeling was. As the outcast of my family and a nerdy, geeky, otaku who loved to write, read, watch anime all day, and just listen to the beats of a piano to the strum of the guitar (though I had never heard one before in person, it took me on a joy ride away from (this horrible place called) earth when I listened to it.) I had never felt that feeling that at that moment ever before in my life. I had never actually had a kid my age talk to me since elementary. When he walked, it felt like he was going in slow motion. When he was finally centimeters away from me, he smiled and said, "I'm sorry did my music

distract you. I'm sorry, I'll go." He gathered his things and was about to walk out but he stopped and said, "I'm Jackson, what is your name?" I smiled and said, "My name is Sandy."

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Chapter 3 by Ak



"My name is..." I start to stutter. oh what the hell! A guy talks to me for the first time in a million year and I stutter, taking a deep breath I say again. "My name is Felicity... are you new?" his face glowed as he grinned, nodding he said "Ya I am, this place is pretty lonely, eh?" his eyes wandered the music room.

"Yes, music is not exactly the first priority of this school." I state sadly. As much as I hate the people of this school I also hate this school because literally no one cares about music here. A boy in my chemistry lab does play piano but doesn't really care about it, which sucks really.

"You've gotta be kidding me!" he exclaims with his eyes wide as the size of pan. When in return I only give a small sad smile his face drops and a frown forms which makes him look even more cute. If that's even possible.

"So do you play?" he asks with his guitar shoved towards me.

"No but I uh... I can..." I start to ponder if it would be weird to tell him that I can sing. What if he laughed or worse, told me to sing?!

"You can what?" his eyes looked almost hopeful for some reasons and that one look was enough for me to tell him my secret.

"I can sing." my cheeks turned a bright pink color when I saw his victorious grin.

"Oh my god! You have to sing now," he suddenly got closer to me with his eyes wide and a gigantic smile latching on his face.

Nodding my head I start to sing one of my favorite songs; yellow by Coldplay. His blue eyes became soft as he got closer to me. His hands found mine and he started to pull me closer but I didn't stop singing, it seemed to be some kind of magical bond which I just couldn't break. It was as if he was about to kiss me my first ever kiss when suddenly the door behind us opened.

Chapter 4 by 311i3



"-Okay, but these are some major chang-" The music teacher, Ms Heaves, stopped mid-sentence as she saw us. It seemed the principal noticed too, and he raised his eyebrows at both of us.

I immediately stopped singing. "We were.. umm.." I stammered. "We were about to leave", Jackson said, rescuing me. He grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the room. The door shut behind us, but not before I saw the Ms Heaves shaking her head.

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away. He turned. "Could I please have your phone number?" He smiled at my request and walked back towards me.

It was raining, but I didn't care- I felt like the luckiest girl in the world. I was quickly drenched from head to toe as I walked out the school gates. Jackson, Jackson Jackson... I was daydreaming about that moment when he pulled me close, before the teachers barged in. My thoughts quickly escalated to what our first kiss would be like. I giggled. I stepped on the empty bus. still daydreaming.

When my stop came, I almost missed it. The bus started moving when I remembered myself.

"Stop! This is where I get off", I shouted to the bus driver.

"Well get off! Don't expect me to remind you where you get off. I ain't paid to do that", He said rather roughly.

I was about to get off, but then forgot my backpack. I turned around again.

"What is it now?" The driver complained. "I just need to grab a bag sir. Please wait I moment".

When I finally stepped off the bus, the bus shot off. I guess the driver didn't like company. The rain had stopped when I walked off. I avoided puddles as much as I could. But before I was even 10 metres away from my house, I could already hear the yelling and screaming in my house. I could see the smash of an empty beer bottle against the window. I shuddered.

If I wanted Jackson to like me the way I liked him, I was going to have to hide the dark secret, lurking within my home.

Chapter 5 by Lisa Kuchl



So the only thing I can do now is calling him.

Or maybe write him via Whatsapp?

Ok I think Whatsapp may be good for now.

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"Hey Jackson!" no, that sounds

"Hi Jackson, what are you

"Hello Jackson, I loved sir

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Before I finished thinking about what message sounds the best my handy vibrated..

"Hi Felicity! I don't know if I can wait until tomorrow to hear you finishing 'Yellow'. Why don't you come around and we'll have a little Jam-Session?! I would be so happy about that! :) I live at ;)" -OMG A WINK!!!!

"I'll be there in 10 minutes!" -I'm the happiest girl alive

Chapter 6 by Uni Potter



I took it for what it really was--Escape. Love, my phone, all escape from the bitter reality of my household situation. No one wants to hear about adulterous mothers or drunk fathers or whatever monster my brother became before he died of a concussion with his own guitar.

My brother was the pride and joy of the school, and with his parting went the school's music budget, the rhythm of the hallways darkening as they realise what comes after life, feeling his ghost in the hallways when they whisper his name.

My brother killed music when he died, but he truly did love to play. *Him and Jackson would be friends.* I thought, avoiding the fact that the stories are told differently of The Music Killer and with much less love--My singing could not protect me from the horror of being his sister.

Write a draft for chapter 7 of 8 (1 draft)

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